

## [Sebastian E. Marty]

[??] DUP

### FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 15, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Sebastian E. Marty, 1915 11th St., Columbus, Nebraska
2. Date and time of interview Nov. 14, 1938 9 to 11:30 A.M.
3. lace of interview At his home
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. Living room. Simply but comfortably furnished and well kept. House built in 1883 surrounded [by?] fruit and shade trees.

### FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Eilert Mohlman ADDRESS Columbus, Neb.

DATE Nov. 15, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Sebastian E. Marty 1916 11th St. Columbus Neb.

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1. Ancestry Swiss decent
2. Place and date of birth New Glarus, Wis., March 28, 1862.
3. Family Wife, four children all living; five grand children
4. Place lived in, with dates New Glarus, Wisconsin 1862-[1883?], Columbus, Nebraska, 1883 to date.
5. Education, with dates Grade and Parochial schools, 1859-1862.
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Railroading, Telegrapher 1779-1883. Most market 1883-1913. Bookkeeper, Planing Mill 1913-1915. Postmaster at Columbus, Nebr., 1915-1921
7. Special skills and interests Music. Played in orchestra 55 years
8. Community and religious activities German Reformed church; Elder for many years. Active in community activities.
9. Description of informant Of medium physical build, about 140 pounds
10. Other points gained in interview Is now retired and enjoys the comforts of his home. Is highly respected by the large acquaintance that he has.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited )

NAME OF WORKER Eilert [Mohlman?] ADDRESS Columbus, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 15, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Sebastian E. Marty 1915 11th St. Columbus, Neb.

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My parents were born in Glarus, Switzerland in 1808, and emigrated to American in 1854, and for four years lived in Chicago, Illinois. They then moved to New Glarus, Wisconsin, where there were many swiss colonies, and bought a small farm. I was born there on March 28, 1862, and there grew to manhood. I attended the primary and parochial schools only about three months out of a year, and after three years quit school when about fourteen years old. My first job was working for the railroad a while, and one day while standing around the depot watching the agent telegraphing, I told him I would like to learn that too, and then about a year later when I had forgotten all about it, he asked me if I still wanted to learn telegraphy and that is how I got started in that business. I was just a small boy when I lived on the farm with my Mother and brothers; I remember there were so many wild pigeons there; they are almost as large as our tame [pigeons?] here and of a grayish color. One day, when we were sowing some wheat we didn't get it all harrowed in before noon, when we came back after dinner every kernel of it was gone; there were millions of them; they would go north in the spring and come back in August. They are none left there now.

I followed my trade as telegrapher for the C.N. W. Railroad in Brooklyn, Wisconsin, until [1883?] and during that time I worked in the depot learned many lessons that could not be learned in school. As I had a brother [living?] in Nebraska, I wanted to [be?] there too, so during the year [1883?] I came to Columbus, Nebraska and got a job as clerk in a meat market where I worked for two years. Then I bought a [meat?] market of my own which I run for 28 years.

One winter day when it was so terribly cold, we had just bought two big hogs, weighing about 400 pounds each, and that night a big snow storm came up and they did not get in the shed with the cattle that night and the next morning were dead and [frozen?] stiff under the snow. The Indians came and picked them up.

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In those times the Indians used to pass our house in wagons 50 to 60 at a time; they were camped along the bottom near the river.

When we lived in our old house on 11th Street, one terribly cold morning an Indian squaw came to our kitchen door and she had her smiling little papoose on her back; my wife was alone at home and she invited her to come in and get warm, and she said "me hungry, papoose hungry" my wife gave her a loaf of bread and some sausage we had and some milk for her papoose. We had our baby's quilt hanging near the stove and as the squaw went out she grabbed it and said "for my papoose," and then my wife grabbed the other corner and said "for my papoose," then she showed her our baby and she smiled and went away.

Another time when we had our first water-melons, an Austrian woman, who had just come over, came to our house; she had never seen a [water-melon?] before and she walked around the table waving her hands, saying, "my goodness, my goodness" but when she put her teeth into it and found out what it was she was just enraptured.

We use to have lots of good times and fun in the olden days; we always had a dance that was called the "broom Dance"— The men would line up on one side and the girls on the other side, then one girl in the center would start the dance by dancing with a broom, when all at once she would [drip?] the broom and grab a partner and all the other [would?] do the same; the one who did not get a partner would be the next one that would have to dance with [the broom?].

Mr. and Mrs. Marty have lived in this community for over half a century, were married in 1888 and have four children.

He was selected as Postmaster in 1915 which post he held for seven years. He is a man of progressive spirit and has been in business and public life for over 40 years. They have

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always lived an honest and uprighteous life and are held in high esteem by all who know them.